PATRIOTIC SONG,

SUITABLE FOR ANY OCCASION.

" Where the banners of LIBERTY *triumphantly wave,*
" Old MONARCHY *stoops to the dust,"*—OLD SONG.

Old England *sixty* years ago,
When we were young and slender,
Conspired to give a mortal blow,
But God was our defender:
Jehovah saw the horrid plan,
Great WASHINGTON he gave us;
His holiness inspired the man
With power and skill to save us.

She sent her fleets and armies o'er,
To ravage, kill, and plunder;
Our heroes met them on the shore,
And beat them back with thunder:
Our *Independence* they confess'd,
And with their hands they signed it;
But on their hearts 'twas ne'er impress'd,
For there we could not find it.

E'er since that time, they have been still
Our liberties invading;
We bore it, and forbore until
Forbearance was degrading:
Regardless of our sailor's rights,
Impress'd our native seamen;
Made them against their country fight,
And thus enslav'd our FREEMEN.

Great MADISON besought the foe,
And mildly did implore them;
To let the suff'ring captives go,
But they would not restore them!
Our commerce too, they did invade,
Our ships they search'd and seiz'd,
Declaring also we should trade
With none but whom they pleas'd.

Thus Madison in thunder spake:
" We've power and we must use it;
Our freedom surely lies at stake,
And we must fight or lose it."
We'll make Old England's children know
We are the brave descendants
Of those who flogg'd their fathers so,
And gained our INDEPENDENCE.

Our soldiers and our seamen too,
Were put in warlike motion;
Straight to the field our soldiers flew,
Our seamen to the ocean:
They met their foes on tow'ring waves,
With courage, skill, and splendor;
They sunk them down to watery graves,
Or forced them to surrender.

Decatur, Hull, and Bainbridge dear,
Did wonders in our navy;
Brave Hull he sunk the bold Guerriere,
And Bainbridge sunk the Java:
Decatur took a ship of fame,
High on the briny water;
The Macedonian was her name,
And home in triumph brought her.

When Proctor found brave Harrison,
Had landed in his region;
Away the tim'rous creature run,
With all his savage legion;
But swift pursuit we gave, and most
Of them were killed or taken,
For Proctor soon forsook his post,
And fled to save his bacon.

At Little York beneath the guns
Of Chauncey, Dearborn landed,
And quickly made Old England's sons
Resign what he demanded:
From George's Fort to Erie's beach,
Our savage foes were beaten;
Their naked bones were left to bleach,
When wolves their flesh had eaten.

Let William Hull, be counted null,
And let him not be named
Upon the rolls of valiant souls,
Of him we are ashamed:
For his campaign, was worse than vain,
A coward and a traitor;
For paltry gold, his army sold,
To Brock the speculator.

How often Brown made Drummond fly
From scenes of desolation;
The terror of his noble eye,
Struck him with consternation:
Brave Miller, Ripley, Gaines and Scott,
At Erie and Bridgewater—
At Chippewa in battles hot,
Their bravest foes did slaughter.

At Washington, their horrid crimes,
Must tarnish Britain's glory;
Children must blush in future time,
To read the shameful story:
They burned the volumes which compris'd
The best of information;
Their barb'rous deeds will be despised
By every christian nation.

At Baltimore, a deadly blow,
The sons of MISCHIEF aimed:
The sons of FREEDOM met their foe,
And victory justly claimed:
Amidst their ranks, our THUND'RING burst,
Many were killed or wounded;
Their chief commander bit the dust,
And all their schemes confounded.

PERRY with flag and sails unfurl'd,
Met Barclay on Lake Erie;
At him his matchless thunder hurl'd,
Till Barclay grew quite weary:
He gain'd the victory and renown,
And worked him up so neatly,
He brought Old England's banner down,
And swept the lake completely.

Proud Downie fell on lake Champlain,
By fortune quite forsaken;
He was by bold Macdonough slain,
And all his fleet was taken:
Where'er they met COLUMBIA'S SONS,
On lakes or larger waters,
They sunk beneath our thund'ring guns,
Or humbly cried for quarters.

When Prevost saw he'd lost his fleet,
He gave out special orders
For his whole army to retreat,
And leave the Yankee borders:
Through dreary wilds, o'er bog and fen,
The luckless general wander'd,
And fled with fifteen thousand men,
From Macomb with fifteen hundred.

What wonders did brave JACKSON do,
When aided by kind heaven;
Their leader and four thousand slew,—
We lost but only seven!
But our guardian angel's hand,
Repell'd their vile aggression;
The remnant of their broken band,
Then fled in sad confusion.

What has our infant country gained,
By fighting that *Old Nation?*
Our liberties we have maintained,
And raised our reputation;
We've gained the freedom of the seas,
Our seamen are released—
Our mariners trade where'er they please,
Impressments too have ceased.

Now in ourselves we can confide,
Abroad we are respected;
We've checked the rage of British pride:
Their haughtiness corrected;
Now to the God of boundless power,
Be praise and adoration—
Next Madison, the wond'rous flower,
And jewel of our nation.

Next Congress doth our thanks demand,
To them our thanks we tender;
Our heroes next by sea and land,
To them our thanks we render:
Let us be just, in union live,
Then who will dare invade us;
If any does, our GOD will give
His angels charge to save us.

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